TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling—
For Death has boarded him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty;
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed—
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly—
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But earth is turned to colander,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

[*From the Atlantic Monthly.*]

The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

'A pretty welcome home you have given me!' said Mr. Clerron, lightly.

He saw that something was weighing on her spirits, but did not wish to distress her by seeming to notice it.

'I wait in my library, I walk in my garden, expecting every moment will bring you,—and lo! here you are lying, doing nothing but look pale and pretty as hard as you can.'

Ivy smiled, but did not consider it prudent to speak.

'I found your books, however, and have brought them to you. You thought you would escape a lesson finely, did you not? But you see I have outwitted you.'

'Yes.—I went for the books yesterday,' said Ivy, 'but I got to talking with Mrs. Simm and forgot them.'

'Ah!' he replied, looking somewhat surprised. 'I did not know Mrs. Simm could be so entertaining. She must have exerted herself. Pray, now, if it would not be impertinent, upon what subject did she hold forth with eloquence so overpowering that everything else was driven from your mind? The best way of preserving apples, I dare swear, or the superiority of pickled grapes to pickled cucumbers.'

'No,' said Ivy, with the ghost of another smile,—'upon various subjects; but not those. How do you do, Mr. Clerron? Have you had a pleasant visit to the city?'

'Very well, I thank you, Miss Geer; and I have not had a remarkably pleasant visit, I am obliged to you. Have I the pleasure of seeing you quite well, Miss Geer,—quite fresh and buoyant?'

The lightness of tone which he had assumed had precisely the opposite effect intended.

"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?"

is the wail of stricken humanity everywhere. And Ivy thought of Mr Clerron, rich, learned, elegant, happy, on the current of whose life she only floated a pleasant ripple,—and of herself, poor, plain, awkward, ignorant, to whom he was the life of life, the all in all. I would not have you suppose this passed through her mind precisely as I have written it. By no means. The ideas rather trooped through in a pellmell sort of way; but they got through just as effectually. Now, if Ivy had been content to let her muscles remain perfectly still, her face might have given no sign of the confusion within; but, with a foolish presumption, she undertook to smile, and so quite lost control of the little rebels, who immediately twisted themselves into a sob. Her whole frame convulsed with weeping and trying not to weep, he forced her gently back on the pillow, and, bending low, whispered softly,—

'Ivy, what is it?'

'Oh, don't ask me!—please, don't! Please, go away!' murmured the poor child.

'I will, my dear, in a minute; but you must think I should be a little anxious. I leave you as gay as a bird, and healthy and rosy,—and when I come back, I find you white and sad and ill. I am sure something weighs on your mind. I assure you, my little Ivy, and you must believe, that I am your true friend, and if you would confide in me, perhaps I could bring you comfort. It would at least relieve you to let me help you to bear the burden.'

The burden being of such a nature, it is not at all probable that Ivy would have assented to his proposition; but the welcome entrance of her mother prevented the necessity of replying.

'Oh you're awake! Well, I told Mr. Clerron he might come in, though I thought you wouldn't be. Slept well this morning, didn't you, deary, to make up for last night?'

'No, mamma, I haven't been asleep.'

'Crying, my dear? Well, now, that's a pretty good one! Nervous she is, Mr. Clerron, always nervous, when the least thing ails her; and she didn't sleep a wink last night, which is a bad thing for the nerves,—and Ivy generally sleeps like a top. She walked over to your house yesterday, and when she got home she was entirely beat out,—looked as if she had been sick a week. I don't know why it was, for the walk couldn't have hurt her. She's always dancing round at home. I don't think she's been exactly well for four or five days. Her father and I both thought she'd been more quiet like than usual.'

The sudden pang that shot across Ivy's face was not unobserved by Mr. Clerron. A thought came into his mind. He had risen at Mrs. Geer's entrance, and he now expressed his regret for Ivy's illness, and hoped that she would soon be well, and able to resume her studies; and, with a few words of interest and inquiry to Mrs. Geer, took his leave.

'I wonder if Mrs. Simm *has* been putting her foot in it!' thought he, as he walked home rather more energetically than was his custom.

That unfortunate lady was in her sitting room, starching muslins, when Mr. Clerron entered. She had surmised that he had gone to the farm, and had looked for his return with a shadow of dread. She saw by his face that something was wrong.

'Mrs. Simm,' he began, somewhat abruptly, but not disrespectfully, 'may I beg your pardon for inquiring what Ivy Geer talked to you about, yesterday?'

'Oh, good Lord! She ha'n't told you, has she?' cried Mrs. Simm,—her fear of God, for once, tickling to her greater fear of man. The embroidered collar which she had been vigorously beating, dropped to the floor, and she gazed at him with such terror and dismay in every lineament, that he could not help being amused. He picked up the collar, which in her perturbation, she had not noticed, and said,—

'No, she has told me nothing; but I find her excited and ill, and I have reason to believe it is connected with her visit here yesterday. If it is anything relating to me, and which I have a right to know, you would do me a great favor by enlightening me upon the subject.'

Mrs. Simm had not a particle of that knowledge in which Young America is so great a proficient, namely, the 'knowing how to get out of a scrape.' She was besides, alarmed at the effect of her words on Ivy, supposing nothing less than that the girl was in the last stages of a swift consumption; so she sat down, and, rubbing her starchy hands together, with many a deprecatory 'you know,' and apologetic 'I am sure I thought I was acting for the best,' gave, considering her agitation, a tolerable accurate account of the whole interview. Her interlocutor saw plainly that she had acted from a sincere conscientiousness, and not from a meddlesome, mischevious interference; so he only thanked her for her kind interest, and suggested that he had now arrived at an age when it would, perhaps, be well for him to conduct matters, particularly of so delicate a nature, solely according to his own judgement. He was sorry to have given her any trouble.

'Scissors cuts only what comes between 'em,' soliloquized Mrs. Simm, when the door closed behind him. If ever I meddle with a courting-business again, my name a'n't Martha Simm. No, they may go to Halifax, whoever they be, 'fore ever I'll lift a finger.'

It is a great pity that the world generally has not been brought to make the same wise resolution.

One, two, three, four days passed away, and still Ivy pondered the question so often wrung from man in his bewildered gropings, 'What shall I do?' Every day brought her teacher and friend to comfort, amuse, and strengthen. Every morning she resolved to be on her guard, to remember the impassible gulf. Every evening she felt the silken chords drawing tighter and tighter around her soul, and binding closer and closer to him. She thought she might die, and the thought gave her a sudden joy. Death would solve the problem at once. If only a few weeks or months lay before her, she could quietly rest on him, and give herself up to him, and wait in heaven for all rough places to be made plain. But Ivy did not die. Youth and nursing and herb-tea were to strong for her, and the color came back to her cheek and the languor went out from her blue eyes. She saw nothing to be done but to resume her old routine. It would be difficult to say whether she was more glad or sorry at seeming to see the necessity. She knew her danger, and it was very facinating. She did not look into the far-off future; she only prayed to be kept from day to day. Perhaps her course was wise; perhaps not. But she had to rely on her own judgement alone; and her judgement was founded on inexperience, which is not a trustworthy basis.

A new difficulty arose. Ivy found that she could not resume her old habits. To be sure, she learned her lessons just as pefectly at home as she had ever done. Just as punctual to the appointed hour, she went to recite them; but no sooner had her foot crossed Mr. Clerron's threshold than her spirit seemed to die within her. She remembered neither words nor ideas. Day after day, she attempted to go through her recitation as usual, and, day after day, she hesitated, stammered, and utterly failed. His gentle assistance only increased her embarrassment. This she was too proud to endure; and, one day, after an unsuccessful effort, she closed the book with a quick, impatient gesture, and exclaimed,—

'Mr Clerron,'I will not recite anymore!'

The agitated flush which had suffused her face gave way to paleness. He saw that she was under strong excitement, and quietly replied,—

'Very well, you need not, if you are tired. You are not quite well yet, and must not try to do too much. We will commence here to-morrow.'

'No, Sir,—I shall not recite any more at all.'

'Till to-morrow.'

'Never any more!'

There was a moment's pause.

'You must not lose patience, my dear. In a few days you will recite as well as ever. A fine notion, forsooth, because you have been ill, and forgotten a little, to give up studying! And what is to become of my laurels, pray,—all the glory I am to get by your proficiency?'

'I shall study at home just the same, but I shall not recite.'

'Why not?'

His look became serious.

'Because I cannot. I do not think it best,—and—and I will not.'

Another pause.

'Ivy, do you not like your teacher?'

'No, Sir. *I hate you!*'

The words seemed to flash from her lips. She sprang up and stood erect before him, her eyes on fire, and every nerve quivering with intense excitement. He was shocked and startled. It was a new phase of her character,—a new revelation. He, too, arose, and walked to the window. If Ivy could have seen the workings of his face, there would have been a revelation to her also. But she was too highly excited to notice anything. He came back to her and spoke in a low voice,—

'Ivy this is to much. This I did not expect.'

He laid his hand upon her head as he had often done before. She shook it off passionately.

'Yes, I hate you. I hate you, because'——

'Because I wanted you to love me?'

'No, Sir; because I do love you, and you bring me only wretchedness. I have never been happy since the miserable day I first saw you.'

'Then, Ivy, I have utterly failed in what it has been my constant endeavor to do.'

'No, Sir, you have succeeded in what you endeavored to do. You have taught me. You have given me knowledge and thought, and showed me the source of knowledge. But I had better have been the ignorant girl you found me. You have taken from me what I can never find again. I have made a bitter exchange. I was ignorant and stupid, I know,—but I was happy and contented; and now I am wretched and miserable and wicked. You have come between me and my home and my father and mother,—between me and all the bliss of my past and all my hope for the future.'

'And thus, Ivy, have you come between me and my past and my future;—yet not thus. You shut out from my heart all the sorrow and vexation and strife that have clouded my life, and fill it with your own dear presence. You come between me and my future, because, in looking forward, I see only you. I should have known better. There is a gulf between us; but if I could make you happy'——

'I don't want you to make me happy. I know there is a gulf between us. I saw it while you were gone. I measured it and fathomed it. I shall not leap across. Stay you on your side quietly; I shall stay as quietly on mine.'

'It is too late for that, Ivy,—too late now. But you are not to blame, my child. Little sunbeam that you are, I will not cloud you. Go shine upon other lives as you have shone upon mine! light up other hearths as you have mine! and I will bless you forever, though mine be left desolate.'

He turned away with an expression on his face that Ivy could not read. Her passion was gone. She hesitated a moment, then went to his side and laid her hand softly upon his arm. There was a strange moistened gleam in his eyes as he turned them upon her.

'Mr. Clerron, I do not understand you.'

'My dear, you never can understand me.'

'I know it,' said Ivy, with her old humility; 'but, at least, I might understand whether I have vexed you.'

'You have not vexed me.'

'I spoke proudly and rudely to you. I was angry and so unhappy. I shall always be so; I shall never be happy again; but I want you to be, and you do not look as if you were.'

If Ivy had not been a little fool, she would not have spoken so; but she was, so she did.

'I beg your pardon, little tendril. I was so occupied with my own preconceived ideas that I forgot to sympathize with you. Tell me why or how I have made you unhappy. But I know; you need not. I assure you, however, that you are entirely wrong. It was a prudish and whimsical notion of my good old housekeeper's. You are never to think of it again. *I* never attributed such a thought or feeling to you.'

'Did you suppose that was all that made me unhappy?'

'Can there be anything else?'

'I am glad you think so. Perhaps I should not have been unhappy but for that, at least not so soon; but that alone could have never made me so.'

Little fool again! She was like a chicken thrusting its head into a corner and thinking itself out of danger because it cannot see the danger. She had no notion that she was giving him the least clue to the truth, but considered herself speaking with more than Delphic prudence. She rather liked to coast along the shores of her trouble and see how near she could approach without running aground; but she struck before she knew it.

Mr. Clerron's face suddenly changed. He sat down, took both her hands, and drew her towards him.

'Ivy, perhaps I have been misunderstanding you. I will at least find out the truth. Ivy do you know that I love you, that I have loved you almost from the first, that I would gladly here and now take you to my heart and keep you here forever?'

'I do not know it,' faltered Ivy, half beside herself.

'Know it now, then! I am older than you and I seem to myself so far removed from you that I have feared to ask you to trust your happiness to my keeping, lest I should lose you entirely; but sometimes you say or do something which gives me hope. My experience has been very different from yours. I am not worthy to clasp your purity and loveliness. Still I would do it, if—— Tell me, Ivy, does it give you pain or pleasure?

Ivy extricated her hands from his, deliberately drew a footstool, and knelt on it before him,—then took his hands, as he had before held hers, gazed steadily into his eyes, and said,—

'Mr. Clerron, are you in earnest? Do you love me?'

'I am, Ivy. I do love you.'

'How do you love me?'

'I love you with all the strength and power that God has given me.'

'You do not simply pity me? You have not, because you heard from Mrs. Simm, or suspected, yourself, that I was weak enough to mistake your kindness and nobleness,—you have not in pity resolved to sacrifice your happiness to mine?'

'No, Ivy,—nothing of the kind. I pity only myself. I reverence you, I think. I have hoped that you loved me as a teacher and friend. I dared not believe you could ever do more; now something within tells me that you can. Can you, Ivy? If the love and tenderness and devotion of my whole life can make you happy, happiness shall not fail to be yours.'

Ivy's gaze never for a moment drooped under his, earnest and piercing though it was.

'Now I am happy,' she said, slowly and distinctly. 'Now I am blessed. I can never ask anything more.'

'But I ask something more,' he replied, bending forward eagerly. 'I ask much more. I want your love. Shall I have it? And I want you.'

'My love?' She blushed slightly, but spoke without hesitation. 'Have I not given it,—long, long before you asked it, before you even cared for my friendship? Not love only, but life, my very whole being, centered in you, does now, and will always. Is it right to say this?—maidenly? But I am not ashamed. I shall always be proud to have loved you, though only to lose you,—and to be loved by you is glory enough for all my future.'

For a short time the relative position of these two people was changed. I allude to the change in this distant manner, as all who have ever been lovers will be able to judge what it was; and I do not wish to forestall the sweet surprise of those who have not.

Ivy rested there (query, where?) a moment; but as he whispered, 'Thus you answer the second question? You give me yourself too?' she hastily freed herself. (Query, from what?)

'Never!'

'Ivy!'

'Never!' more firmly than before.

'What does this mean?' he said, sternly. 'Are you trifling?'

There was such a frown on his brow as Ivy had never seen. She quailed before it.

'Do not be angry! Alas! I am not trifling. Life itself is not worth so much as your love. But the impassible gulf is between us just the same.'

'What is it? Who put it there?'

'God put it there. Mrs. Simm showed it to me.'

'Mrs. Simm be——! A prating gossip! Ivy, I told you, you were never to mention that again,—never to think of it; and you must obey me.'

'I will try to obey you in that.'

'And very soon you shall promise to obey me in all things. But I will not be hard with you. The yoke shall rest very lightly,—so lightly you shall not feel it. You will not do as much, I dare say. You will make me acknowledge your power every day, dear little vixen! Ivy, why do you draw back? Why do you not come to me?'

'I cannot come to you, Mr. Clerron, any more. I must go home now, and stay at home.'

'When your home is here, Ivy, stay at home.' For the present don't go. Wait a little.'

'You do not understand me. You will not understand me,' said Ivy, bursting into tears. '*I must* leave you. Don't make the way so difficult.'

'I will make it so difficult that you cannot walk in it.'

His tones were low, but determined.

'Why do you wish to leave me? Have you not said that you loved me?'

'It is because I love you that I go. I am not fit for you. I was not made for you. I can never make you happy. I am not accomplished. I cannot go among your friends, your sisters. I am awkward. You would be ashamed of me, and then you would not love me;—you could not; and I should lose the thing I most value. No, Mr. Clerron,—I would rather keep your love in my own heart and my own home.'

'Ivy, can you be happy without me?'

'I shall not be without you. My heart is full of lifelong joyful memories. You need not regret me. Yes, I shall be happy. I shall work with mind and hands. I shall not pine away in a mean and feeble life. I shall be strong, and cheerful, and active, and helpful; and I think I shall not cease to love you in heaven.'

'But, there is, maybe, a long road for us to travel before we reach heaven, and I want you to help me along. Ivy, I am not so spiritual as you. I cannot live on memory. I want you before me all the time. I want to see you and talk with you every day. Why do you speak of such things? Is it the soul or its surroundings that you value? Do *you* respect or care for wealth and station? Do *you* consider a woman your superior because she wears a finer dress than you?'

'I? No, Sir! No, indeed! you very well know. But the world does, and you move in the world; and I do not want the world to pity you because you have an uncouth, ignorant wife. *I* don't want to be despised by those who are above me only in station.'

'Little aristocrat, you are prouder than I. Will you sacrifice your happiness and mine to your pride?'

'Proud perhaps I am, but it is not all pride. I think you are noble, but I think also you could not help losing patience when you found that I could not accommodate myself to the station to which you had raised me. Then you would not respect me. I am, indeed, too proud to wish to lose that; and losing your respect, as I said before, I should not long keep your love.'

'But you will accommodate yourself to any station. My dear, you are young, and know so little about this world, which is such a bugbear to you. Why, there is very little that will be greatly unlike this. At first you might be a little bewildered, but I shall be by you all the time, and you shall feel and fear nothing, and gradually you will learn what little you need to know; and most of all, you will know yourself the best and the loveliest of women. Dear Ivy, I would not part with your sweet, unconscious simplicity for all the accomplishments and acquired elegancies of the finest lady in the world.' (That's what men always say.) 'You are not ignorant of anything you ought to know, and your ignorance of the world is an additional charm to one who knows so much of its wickedness as I. But we will not talk of it. There is no need. This shall be our home, and here the world will not trouble us.'

'And I cannot give up my dear father and mother. They are not like you and your friends'——

'They are my friends, and valued and dear to me, and dearer still they shall be as the parents of my dear little wife'——

'I was going to say'——

'But you shall not say it. I utterly forbid you ever to mention it again. You are mine, all my own. Your friends are my friends, your honor my honor, your happiness my happiness henceforth; and what God joins together let not man or woman put asunder.'

'Ah!' whispered Ivy, faintly; for she was yielding, and just beginning to receive the sense of great and unexpected bliss, 'but if you should be wrong,—if you should ever repent of this, it is not your happiness alone, but mine, too, that will be destroyed.'

Again their relative positions changed, and *remained so* for a long while.

'Ivy, am I a mere schoolboy to swear eternal fidelity for a week? Have I not been tossing hither and thither on the world's tide ever since you lay in your cradle, and do I not know my position and my power and my habits and my love? And knowing all this, do I not know that this dear head'——ect., ect., ect., ect.

But I said I was not going to marry my man and woman, did I not? Nor have I. To be sure, you may have detected premonitory symptons, but I said nothing about that. I only promised not to marry them, and I have not married them.

It is to be hoped they were married, however. For, on a fine June evening, the setting sun cast a mellow light through the silken curtains of a pleasant chamber, where Ivy lay on a white couch, pale and still,—very pale and still and statue-like; and by her side, bending over her, with looks of unutterable love, clasping her in his arms, as if to give out of his own heart the life that had so nearly ebbed from hers, pressing upon the closed eyes, the white cheeks, the silent lips kisses of such warmth and tenderness as never thrilled maidenly lips in their rosiest flush of beauty,—knelt Felix Clerron; and when the tremulous life fluttered back again, when the blue eyes slowly opened and smiled up into his with an an answering love, his happiness was complete.

In a huge arm-chair, bolt upright, where they had placed him, sat Farmer Geer, holding in his sadly awkward hands the unconscious cause of all this agitation, namely, a poor, little, horrid, gasping, crying, writhing, old-faced, distressed-looking, red, wrinkled, ridiculous baby! between whose 'screeches' Farmer Geer could be heard muttering, in a dazed, bewildered way,—'Ivy's baby! Oh, Lud! who'd 'a' thunk it? No more'n yesterday she was a baby herself. Lud! Lud!'

Joy in the House of Ward.

DEAR SIRS:—I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate blis, and trust these lines will find you enjoyin the same blessins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year old steer, and in the futur them boys which sez to me 'go up old Bawld hed,' will do so at the peril of their hazard individioously. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself, 'is it not a dream?' & suthin within-to me sez 'it air;' but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realities, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returned from the Summer Campane with my unparaleled show of wax works and livin wild beests of Pray in the erly part of this munth. The people of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immejitly commenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite, while I was down to the tavern tostin my shins agin the bar-room fire & amusin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shood cum in bare haded & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, 'Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house.'

Sez I, 'William, how so?'

Sez he, 'Bust my gizzard, but its grate doins,' & then he larfed as if heed kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, 'William, I woodunt be a fool if I had common cents.'

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on to the bunk whare the hostler sleeps, and in a still small voice sed, 'Twins!' I ashure you, gents, that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was followed by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterums, who hurrade for Old Ward at the top of their voices. I found the house chock full of people. There was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Eben Parsons, Deakun Simmons folks, the Skoolmaster, Dr Jordin, etcettery, etcettery. Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis Square Baxter was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchin fire, & a small army of female wimmin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rushi out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

'What on nirth ales the man?' sez Taberthy Ripley. 'Sakes alive, what air you doin?' & she grabed me by the koat tales. 'What's the matter with you?' she continnered.

'Twins, marm,' sez I, 'twins!'

'I know it,' sez she, coverin her face with her apun.

'Wall,' sez I, 'that's what's the matter with me!'

'Wall, put down that air gun, you pesky old fool,' sed she.

'No, marm,' sez I, 'this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed,' sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and spenkin in a show actin voice, 'will I fire a Nashunal saloot?' sayin which I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed, whare I blazed away until Square Baxter's hired man and my son Artemus Juneyer cum and took me down by mane force.

On returnin to the Kitchin I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. 'Quite a eppisode,' sed Docter Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

'Yes,' sed I, '2 eppisodes, waym about 18 pounds jintly.'

'A perfeck coop de tat,' sed the skoolmaster.

'E pluribus unum, in a proprieter persony,' sed I, thinkin I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did if I wasnt a skoolmaster.

'It is indeed a momentous event,' sed young Eben Parsons, who has been 2 quarters to the Academy.

'I never heard twins called by that name afore,' sed I, 'but I spose it's all right.'

'We shall soon have Wards enuff,' sed the editor of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, 'to apply to the legislator for a City Charter!,

'Good for yov, old man!' sed I, 'giv that air a conspickins place in the next *Bugle*.'

'How redicklus,' sed pretty Susan Fletcher, coverin her face with her knittin work & larfin like all possest.

'Wall, for my part,' sed Jane Maria Peasley, who is the crossest old made in the world, 'I think you all act like a pack of fools.'

Sez I, 'Mis Peasley, air you a parent?'

Sez she, 'No, I aint.'

Sez I, 'Mis Peasley, you never will be.'

She left.

We sot there talkin & larfin until 'the switchin hour of nite when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th, 'as old Bill Shakspire aptlee obsarves in his dramy of John Shepard, esq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we broke up and disbursed.

Muther & children is a doin well; & as Resolushuns is the order of the day I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin—

Whereas, two Eppisodes has happined up to the undersined's house, which is Twins; & Whereas I like this stile, sade Twins being of the male perswashun & both boys; there4 Be it—

Resolved, that to them nabers who did the fare thing by sade Eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most hartily thank Enjine Ko. No. 17, who, under the impreshun from the fuss at my house on that auspishus nite that there was a konflagrashun goin on, kum galyiantly to the spot, but kindly refrained from squirtin.

Resolved that from the bottum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur givin up the idea of Sarahnadin me, both on that grate nite & since.

Resolved, that my thanks is doo several members of the Baldinsville meetin hous who for 3 whole dase hain't kalled me a sinful skoffer or intreeted me to mend my wicked wase and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with many kind emoshuns tords the foltering individoouls, to whit namelee—Mis. Square Baxter, who Jenerusly refoozed to take a cent fur a bottle of camfire; lawyer Perkinses wife who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes; the Eediter of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty* who nobly assisted me in wollupping my Kangeroo, which sagushus little cuss seriusly disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screetchins & kickins up; Mis Hiram Doolittle who kindly furnisht sum cold vittels at a tryin time when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittels at my house; & the Peasley's Parsunses & Watsunses for their meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures, ARTEMUS WARD.

If you have a friend whom you desire to remain a friend, get in debt to him.—He'll never leave you—he'll haunt you; and "in fond remembrance" ever cherish your virtues and the amount of your indebtedness.

A Western paper speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a physician."—Such instances of death are very rare.